

Latin School Register



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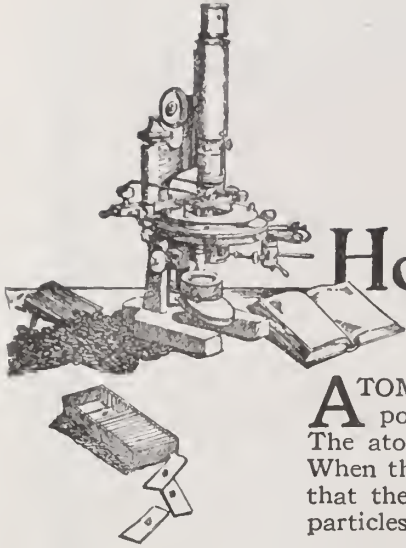
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How Large is an Atom?

ATOMS are so infinitesimal that to be seen under the most powerful microscope one hundred million must be grouped. The atom used to be the smallest indivisible unit of matter. When the X-Rays and radium were discovered physicists found that they were dealing with smaller things than atoms—with particles they call “electrons.”

Atoms are built up of electrons, just as the solar system is built up of sun and planets. Magnify the hydrogen atom, says Sir Oliver Lodge, to the size of a cathedral, and an electron, in comparison, will be no bigger than a bird-shot.

Not much substantial progress can be made in chemical and electrical industries unless the action of electrons is studied. For that reason the chemists and physicists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are as much concerned with the very constitution of matter as they are with the development of new inventions. They use the X-Ray tube as if it were a machine-gun; for by its means electrons are shot at targets in new ways so as to reveal more about the structure of matter.

As the result of such experiments, the X-Ray tube has been greatly improved, and the vacuum tube, now so indispensable in radio communication, has been developed into a kind of trigger device for guiding electrons by radio waves.

Years may thus be spent in what seems to be merely a purely “theoretical” investigation. Yet nothing is so practical as a good theory. The whole structure of modern mechanical engineering is reared on Newton’s laws of gravitation and motion—theories stated in the form of immutable propositions.

In the past the theories that resulted from purely scientific research usually came from the university laboratories, whereupon the industries applied them. The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company conceive it as part of their task to explore the unknown in the same spirit, even though there may be no immediate commercial goal in view. Sooner or later the world profits by such research in pure science. Wireless communication, for example, was accomplished largely as the result of Herz’s brilliant series of purely scientific experiments demonstrating the existence of wireless waves.

General Electric
General Office **Company** Schenectady, N. Y.

Latin School Register

NOVEMBER, 1920

Where the Greatest Loyalty is Due

BY F. B. KING

From the side-line Doc Gleason, coach of the Shelbourne football squad, surveyed with grim features the movements of the varsity eleven and the scrub team. Five minutes were left of the second half, and hitherto the varsity team had been held scoreless.

"Leighton can certainly handle that scrub team," he mused. At that moment Dick Leighton was streaking up the field with the ball cosily snuggled under his arm. The right tackle of the varsity made a dive for him but missed. Only Fred Gordon, quarterback, stood between him and a touchdown. Gordon made a desperate effort to crowd him toward the side line, failed, and made a leap at him. Leighton dodged, whirled, shook off Gordon's hold, and romped between the uprights for a touchdown. A minute later the time was called and the game ended with the scrub team winning, 6 to 0.

While the two teams were still in the dressing room, the coach entered. The disconsolate fellows turned towards him, expecting a tirade of sharp questions. However, his voice was gentle and good-naturedly inquiring.

"The annual banner game with Langdon is only two weeks away, fellows, and it seems it will be decided before it is played. What's the matter, eh?" Nobody essayed to make a satisfactory answer.

"How's your leg, Adams? Not sore any more, is it?"

"Why, no sir, it's perfectly well now," replied the right half-back.

"And your arm is not bothering you after that tumble in the game last week, Evarts?"

As the center answered that his arm had not pained him for three days, the coach addressed the quarter-back.

"Is there anything the matter with you, Gordon? You're feeling all right, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," the quarter-back stammered. Tall and husky, he seemed the ideal player but—. The coach turned his searching eyes toward Leighton and seemed about to speak, then apparently changed his mind; he turned away.

II

Sitting in his room that night, Dick Leighton reviewed the events of the afternoon. A position on the varsity

team seemed almost to have been offered him after four years of unremitting toil, yet with no better luck than captain of the second team. He was a well-built, athletic-looking fellow, rather tall, and displaying a husky pair of shoulders. His face, too, was rather handsome—with a pair of keen blue eyes sometimes apt to appear dreamy, a good nose, a chin that displayed grim determination, and a well-formed mouth which also accentuated firm purpose.

He had no really intimate companions in college, a condition which he preferred; besides, he was undertaking a course in scientific engineering, requiring steady, earnest work. As a diversion from his studies he had taken up football and gloried in the rough, manly sport of it. The door opened and Norton, the full-back, entered. Norton was probably the closest friend that Leighton had made in his four years.

"I just heard that Doc Gleason is going to put you in to-morrow as quarter on the varsity with us. Gordon is a fine fellow but he can't seem to bolster up the team to get the best out of it. Doc thinks you are the best one to accomplish that."

Leighton flushed. He wanted to say something in reply but the words would not come.

"It's tough on Gordon, I know," Norton continued, "but I think he will see that it must be Shelburne first. By the way, you and Gordon come from the same city, don't you?"

"Yes," replied Leighton, "we both come from Eltin. Silas Gordon was half-back on the team in his college days here and expects a good deal from his son."

"It's a severe blow to Gordon and he may try to win his place back."

"If he possibly can, I want him to,"

was the answer. "Well, I'll do my best to-morrow, anyway."

Norton nodded, and the conversation turned to different topics until he left.

Alone again, Leighton ruminated. Yes, Gordon and he came from the same city. The last letter he had received from his father had mentioned the death of the cashier in the bank and his father was the older assistant-cashier. Yes, he knew Silas Gordon also—he was the president of the bank. What effect would his superseding of Fred have on the chances of his father's being appointed cashier, especially since there were two men? Would Silas Gordon act justly under such circumstances toward his father? He had worked so hard and how much the position would mean to him! If he held on to the position of quarter-back and they won the Langdon game, everything would be all right, but—if they lost.

All the following week Leighton played on the varsity team and though Gordon, now quarter on the scrub team, and his men made desperate efforts to put up a hard battle, they were unable to obtain victory or rarely even to effect a tie. All the time, however, Leighton seemed to be absorbed in by no means comforting thought. The indecision whether or not to play in the game with Langdon still had to be settled conclusively in his mind.

III.

When the morning of the game came and Leighton, after a restless night during which he had grasped but a few hours' sleep, awoke and glanced toward the windows, he perceived that the morning world was gray and cold. The wind was blowing steadily but each moment with increasing strength out of the east, and a thin fog was creeping in over Lake Mantubec, obscuring

slightly its long length as it wound about through the wooded shores below in the valley where the landscape was tinged with green and russet foliage. The distant screech of a locomotive sufficed to hasten him out of bed.

Overhead the clouds were drifting fast, and now and then a faint yellow radiance gave promise of sunlight, yet filled with sinister glow. At the breakfast table Leighton maintained a gloomy silence, oblivious to the gay repartees being cast about. On leaving the room, he came up with Gordon and, drawing the latter aside, said rather abruptly, "You will play in your old place as quarter-back this afternoon."

Gordon stared at him. "Is there something the matter with you, man? You can't mean to throw us over at the last minute. Do you realize that you represent some twenty thousand people who have come from all parts of the country solely to be present at this star game between their college and its time-honored opponent? There's none but yourself that can fill that position so that we may have a ghost of a chance against—"

Leighton interrupted doggedly, "I am not going to do anything that will injure my father's chances for a position that he has long cherished. I am not going to incur the enmity of your father. Would he be very amicably disposed toward my father under the conditions that exist?"

"Is that the opinion you have of my father?" exclaimed Gordon. "Perhaps he will be a good deal disappointed, but that will be directed solely towards me. If you win, he'll be so happy that he'll want to congratulate you before anyone else. You have a fair chance of winning, but if I should play and lose, would he be delighted to know that we might have won had you not backed down and re-

fused to play in my position? When the consequences would be just as bad no matter which one of us should lose, wouldn't it be wiser for the better fellow to try for victory? It's no fun for me to try to argue with you to take my place in this game, when I would give anything to be up against Langdon this afternoon, but on thinking of Shelburne first in this matter, my personal desires must be overruled. It ought to be the same way with you. Think of nothing else, but go in and win."

"Win!" Leighton seemed to have grasped some of his companion's confidence. "Go in and win,"—he would, he must—"win."

IV.

The cheer leader for Shelburne pranced up and down in front of the throng on the left side of the field, waving his large megaphone hectically and calling for a "regular" cheer as Captain Norton led the team on to the field. On the other side of the field, rose the voices of the rivals, lustily and in a long slow cheer.

Having won the toss, Langdon chose to receive the kick-off. The Shelburne warriors lined themselves across the turf, Clark at right end, Hart right tackle, Palmer right guard, Evarts center, Cook left guard, Lyne left tackle, Lee left end, Leighton quarter-back, Adams right half-back, Cole left half-back, and Norton full-back. The whistle blew, and away sped the ball, far and high, spinning lazily in flight while the eager line rushed forward. A Langdon player caught the pigskin and started on his way back. Hart sprang at him and brought him to the ground struggling. On the next play Langdon's right-half hurled himself at center, but Evarts blocked him with a crash as he came against his mighty shoulders, yielding only a small distance. The next two

plays, being end runs, made five yards each. Langdon continued to hammer Shelburne's line until at last on her forty-yard line Shelburne was able to stop for a while the onslaught of the enemy and thrice attempted to make ground through the Langdon line. Now again the oval was in the hands of Langdon and again she made her distance sending her backs into the line for good gains. On her twenty-five yards Shelburne made a desperate rally and Leighton roared hoarsely at them, "Get in there! Block them, fellows, this time now!"

Langdon's star half-back was sent through the line between right guard and right tackle, but Norton and Adams downed him before he was hardly over the line. "That's the stuff! Hold them there!" Leighton urged. Another time the players were piled up against the Shelburne center with no better success. Their left-half fell back to punt while Leighton and Adams backed toward the goal. The ball spiraled high and fair but Adams gathered it in and started up the field while Leighton threw himself in front of a charging end! One, two, three white lines passed under him and then the enemy was upon him. He squirmed loose once but the next moment he was sprawling on the turf with half the enemy above him.

"Our ball," cried Leighton. "Quick, get up. Kick-formation. 14—18—32—56! 8—9—"

Back shot the ball to Adams who made one step forward and kicked the oval away down the field. It settled on Langdon's forty-yard line, but her left half could only make a short gain before the Shelburne players were upon him. Time and again Langdon played fast, starting the ball before her opponents could line up. A quarter-back run was tried with not much success and at last

the ball was punted again toward Shelburne's goal. Leighton took it and was able to force out a dozen yards along the side-line before he was pushed off.

"Ready now," called Leighton sharply, "Left-formation. 25—36—18—64! 25—36—18—64—8!"

Back came the ball and Leighton turned and thrust it against Norton's stomach, and he with Adams and Cole in back of him crashed through Langdon's left guard for eight yards. But Langdon's line stiffened considerably so that the next play failed. Adams then punted toward the corner of the field where the quarter made a running catch and passed over two white lines before he was pulled down. An end run netted a couple of yards and then a punt put her out of danger. Cole fumbled but recovered it though with half the adversary's team on top of him. Leighton rushed Norton around left tackle for four yards and then sent Cole through right guard and center. Again Adams punted and again the Langdon quarter made his forty yards before he was downed.

A forward pass produced a dozen yards and an end run ten more. Successful plunges at the line brought them once more into Shelburne ground. On a forward pass that touched the ground Langdon was penalized fifteen yards. Cole made twenty yards on the punt that followed, while Leighton wedged through center for a short gain. Adams' punt was then blocked by a swift charge through a weak line and the pigskin went wild, a big Langdon guard at last recovering it. The remainder of the half saw the ball in the air most of the time with Adams slightly out-punting Langdon's half-back on each play. Shelburne had the ball on her thirty-yard line when the period ended.

V.

After an interval of fifteen minutes the two teams returned briskly to the field. Langdon kicked off and Cole made a good fifteen yards before the enemy ends brought him to earth. Adams, however, punted on the first down and so gave Langdon the ball on her forty-yard line. A quarter-back run netted her a few yards and then she was forced to punt. Shelburne retrieved it outside the field on her thirty-five-yard line and Leighton put the ball into play almost before the enemy had lined up, Norton grinding through between left guard and tackle for eight yards. Norton took the ball a second time and managed to squirm through for five yards. A bare yard was made by Cole and that left four to go. Adams drew back as if for a punt but made a forward pass to Clark, the right end, gaining twenty yards. This brought the ball to Langdon's forty-yard line. From there it was worked down to her twenty-five-yard line, where Adams attempted a drop-kick which missed only by a few feet. The ball passed frequently now from side to side while the time was also growing short, showing clearly that if either side were to score, they must get busy. With the ball on Shelburne's forty-yard line, Leighton consulted with Norton a moment and then,

"Kick-formation!" he cried.

The ball, however, only went from Leighton to Adams, who with strong interference rushed around Langdon's left end for fifteen yards before he was pulled down, with half a dozen players piled upon him. When the pile finally got up, however, Adams was in no condition to finish the game, so that, though half-back was not his regular position, Gordon was sent in to take Adams' place. Gordon was fresh and

certainly most eager to play in the game. On the very next play Gordon was given his chance and was able to eke out five yards along the side-line before he was pushed out. Then Cole plunged through center for three yards. Leighton himself fought his way about the left end successfully for another eight yards. Gordon and Norton were sent through the line for another short gain but Langdon was desperate now, her goal looming up not far behind her. Terrific as the Shelburne assault was, Langdon fiercely held the line and Leighton could not force a yard over their thirty-yard line.

"Kick-formation!" he cried, "25—83 15—43—"

Back shot the ball as if for a full-back punt but, with Gordon rushing ahead as interference and Norton behind him, he sped toward the right end of the line. The Langdon end leaped at them but was overturned by Norton, the two going down struggling. The enemy quarter-back crossed in front of them but Gordon interfered, leaving Leighton to make his way alone down the field. The opposing left-half bore in on him but not in time to head him off. The full-back who had gone far up the field, having expected a kick toward the goal, still towered but a few feet in front of him. A tremor ran through his body at the thought of meeting this star player, reported the best college full-back of the year. For a moment he hesitated and like an experienced swimmer the full-back dived for his feet. Precise as the tackle was, Leighton in the nick of time leaped high into the air, clearing the tackler and barely avoiding a tumble. The Langdon full-back swiftly pursued with the half-back close behind him. Breathless, aching all over with bruises, his throat parched from the merciless grind, Leighton struggled

on, expecting at any moment to be clutched about the legs by his relentless pursuers. Every second he felt as though he wanted to yield to the inclination to drop, but he told himself that he must not give up. The white lines passed like milestones under his fleeting legs. Breath was coming hard and his lungs seemed ready to burst. A touch from behind only spurred him to greater effort for he had just crossed the ten-yard line. The full-back was right behind him as he went across the five-yard line and immediately encircled him. Tighter and tighter clasped the arms about his waist but, calling upon all his strength, he kept on slowly, dragging fiercely the heavy burden that sought to keep him back. With the goal but a yard away, he thrust the ball out at arm's length and hurled himself forward; the green turf seemed to beckon to him, and as if from afar he heard the referee's voice,

"The ball is over by a foot."

VI.

Slowly Leighton became conscious of the increasing outburst of noise now approaching him. Mechanically he got to his feet only to be lifted by strong arms to the shoulders of the foremost of the rejoicing crowd. When they reached the grand-stand, a large, florid man with

white hair and mustache broke through the ring. Leighton was face to face with Silas Gordan not the Silas Gordon, who had always been to him unapproachable but a man whose countenance was softened greatly in a broad grin. Leighton leaped to the ground and then suddenly stepped back, his eyes aglow as a man came up beside the transformed Gordon.

"Dad!" he blurted out.

"Yes," grinned Gordon, "he came up with me er—er—to celebrate."

"Then you mean—you mean—" he could not continue from emotion.

"That's just what I do mean. Of course there is some explanation to be made."

Yes, sir." Leighton, his arm resting about his father's shoulders, looked amazed at the man.

"Of course your father was appointed, and on the same day that I heard you were to play on the team; so I told him not to mention it to you till after the game. You see, we wanted you to play your very best for Shelburne. I knew you would play hard for her but I supposed you would play even harder for your father."

Well," Dick Leighton straightened, then turned proudly toward his father, you were right, sir—I would."



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Fisherman's Luck

BY PHILLIPS L. BOYD

Henry Guilford and his brother George were accustomed to spend their summers with their parents at a hunting camp on North Lake, the most northern of the three Schoodic Lakes. These, for a stretch of thirty miles, form part of the international boundary between Maine and New Brunswick. Connected with the three chief lakes, by means of rivers and "thoroughfares", are many smaller bodies of water, so that the whole form an intricate chain of water-ways.

Mr. Guilford's lodge was picturesquely situated on the shore of the lake, in a small clearing among the spruce trees. In the distance, beyond the opposite shore, could be seen the hazy outline of the Magaguadavic Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. Guilford had always accompanied the boys, but this summer business had detained the elders and, as the boys had developed a good sense of responsibility, Mr. Guilford decided to let them start alone. There were two weeks of anticipation and bustle. George and Henry collected ammunition and other articles not in camp. Provisions were ordered to be sent ahead to Danforth, Maine. Every evening the two would plan what they were to do when they reached camp.

"I only hope that old one-lunger of a motor boat will go first thing! Last year it took a dickens of a long time to get her started," said Henry one evening, after the boys had discussed the possibilities of a prolonged trip up the lake

to the headwaters, where the fishing and hunting were especially good.

"You bet! But then we had not had her long and we weren't used to her tricks."

Mr. Guilford parted with two eager boys at the North Station on July tenth. After a comfortable night on the sleeper, Henry and George were up and dressed an hour before the train reached Danforth, their destination.

Upon arrival, they went immediately to the house of Jim Baker, who drove them into camp every summer, and who greeted them now with all his old-time warmth. Mrs. Baker was ready with a hearty breakfast. While the boys were eating, Jim said

"Where's yer folks this time? I miss yer dad. How's it he aint here?"

"It *is* tough he couldn't come," replied Henry, between two mouthfuls of bacon. "You see he's too busy to get away now, but he and mother may come down in August."

After breakfast, Jim hitched his two greys to the express and started off with the boys. They stopped first at the station for luggage and then began the ten-mile trip to the lakes. Jim was a friendly soul and every summer, on the trip in, he told the full account of the winter's happenings. After telling the boys all he could, conversation languished until George asked,

"How is prohibition liked here?"

Jim, after clearing his throat, and

spitting out his "terbakker" said, "Wal' most of the folks don't mind, but I tell yer there's a party of 'em who's dead against it and they've a chain of agents from Montreal to Bangor. So fer the officers aint found a trace of a clue to where an' how they gets it acrost the border, but just the same they're pretty sure the gang has its headquarters within fifty miles of Vanceboro. All they know is that 'bout every week shipments of booze come addressed to men at Deer Lake Station on the C.P.R., where it's safe. That's as fer as they kin trace it 'til it gets ter Bangor. The Gover'nment has offered a reward of a thousand dollars fer the discovery of the gang for the whole o' Maine has had a share o' the stuff. I tell you fellers 'twould be a good idee to keep yer eyes and ears open!"

"Whew! A thousand dollars for finding them! Well I guess we *will* keep our eyes open!" exclaimed Henry.

After jogging over the uneven roads for another hour, the boys caught sight of the lake through the trees. Soon after, they arrived at camp and found everything in good condition. Jim stayed a few hours to help open up and then left.

That evening, as the brothers were eating their supper, Henry said,

"I have a hunch that gang of boot-leggers have their headquarters in this lake region."

"Yes, that is very posible," acquiesced George. "But—O—hum! I'm going to bed now. How about it? Up to-morrow at four thirty and fish?"

Two weeks passed with various wonders and experiences each day. The motor boat was humming smoothly and the boys decided to make the trip to the headwaters of the lakes. Early one morning they set out in the boat, towing the canoe.

The first night, they camped on the lake shore without incident. The motor boat drew only a foot of water, so they could navigate nearly every river any pond. They reached a lake, that the thought promised well for fishing, about six o'clock the second evening and proceeded up into a small cove to land. They prepared their camp for the night. Then they paddled out into the middle of the cove and began to fish. The sun was sinking slowly toward the horizon and was leaving them in shadow. They both caught several fair-sized trout, enough for a good supper. The sun had set and the afterglow was bathing the opposite shore in rosy light.

They were preparing to go in when a distant purr attracted their attention. It sounded nearer and nearer until they saw a motor boat running down the middle of the lake. Suddenly it changed its course towards the opposite shore and kept on until a collision with the bank seemed imminent, when suddenly the power was shut off, a screen of leaves opened and the boat shot through out of sight. As soon as the boat had entered, the screen was as mysteriously shut as it had been opened. The boys gazed in amazement at the place where the boat had disappeared.

"Well, what do you know about that!" said George, breaking the silence. "I'll bet they know a lot about the whiskey running, don't you?"

"I shouldn't be surprised. Let's go in. We had better not make a fire as they might see the light and then—well—you know the rest," replied Henry.

They ate a cold supper and rolled up in their blankets. Then they talked for over an hour, planning what they would do. Early next morning they arose, hid their boat and canoe, and retired a little way into the woods, out of range of the other shore. About eleven o'clock

they saw the mysterious motor boat leave the shelter of the leaves and go up the lake, out of sight and hearing.

After dark that evening, the boys, each armed with a revolver, left the protection of the forest and paddled silently across the lake. Slowly they proceeded, cautiously listening for any strange sound among the familiar night sounds. They approached the leaf screen, its position being determined by a large spruce which overtopped the neighboring forest. Carefully they came nearer and pushed against it gently. It stirred and then swung open, revealing a channel like a dark tunnel through the trees.

They advanced, Henry paddling and George watching keenly to right and left, his revolver in hand ready for instant use. The channel curved sharply and ahead, in a clearing beside it, stood a log cabin, darkly outlined against the forest. It appeared to be vacant and the boys, leaving their canoe, advanced towards it with revolvers still tightly clasped. They stopped again and listened, but only the whispering of the wind in the trees could be heard; then they advanced once more. They crept up and looked in the window, but no one was within. George tried the door, which opened easily, and entered, followed by his brother. He flashed his pocket light around the lodge. Cases of liquor were solidly stacked around the sides!

"Whew! look at that!" whispered George, not daring to speak loudly. This must be the headquarters of the liquor runners!"

"Yes, it sure is!" replied his brother. "Well, we'd better clear out. We have the evidence and we had better get the officers."

Before leaving, the boys counted the cases, in order that they might know if

any were taken before they came back. There were one hundred, all from one liquor dealer in Montreal. Then they quickly paddled back to the temporary camp and packed their things in the motor boat. They rowed down to the outlet of the lake, that they might be out of earshot of anyone at the upper end. Then they started the engine and proceeded at half speed. In spite of their hunger, they did not stop for meals, but kept on until three o'clock, when they arrived at their destination at the end of the chain of lakes, ten miles from Vanceboro, the headquarters of the customs officers.

The rest of the journey was made on foot. Three hours later, two boys staggered into the customs office, exhausted from lack of food and sleep. Their story was soon told. When the official heard it, he said,

"We'll send some officers out first thing in the morning. You say they visit it in the daytime?"

The boys nodded and he went on,

"The men will arrive about nine tomorrow night and then lie in wait until they come. If we find things as you have reported, you'll get the reward without delay. You both look done up," and he added, "Come along with me and we'll make you comfortable."

Their new friend took them over to his boarding place, where they ate a substantial meal, quickly undressed, and sank into bed with expressions of pleasure.

Next morning early the boys were awakened by the customs officer and, after breakfast, went to the office, where an auto was waiting with four officers. The party drove at once to the lake, where a roomy launch was ready. They reached the upper lake about dark, as the officer had planned. Leaving the

(Continued on page 24)



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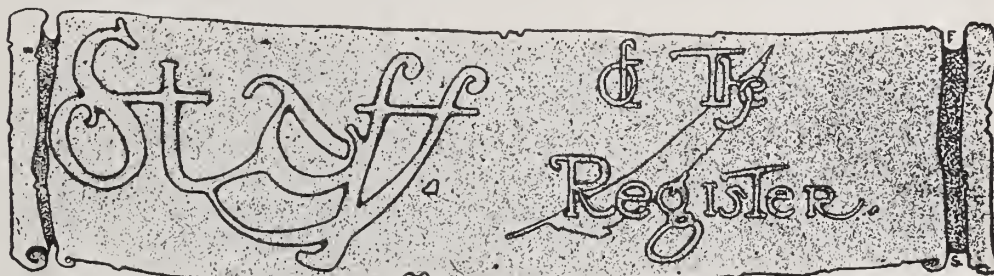
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VOLUME XL. No. 11.

NOVEMBER 1920.

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Lest We Forget

The recent war with its glorious conclusion had imbued us all with a keen sense of hero worship. Our gallant returning soldiers for many months after the close of the war were accorded enthusiastic receptions by everyone. Each city and town had its own parade of returned heroes and every hero-worshipper felt a thrill of pride and glory that can come but from the sight of such valiant men as our returned soldiers.

Fearless and strong, with his young soul agleam with burning noble thoughts to fight, to slay, and to die, proudly willing to live in hell and hear the anguished cries of his wounded comrades, the soldier said good-bye and went across. He did not hesitate. He prayed for strength to face the terrible grim reality

of war. He saw his youthful comrades cut down as with a scythe. He suffered tortures he did not know could exist; he died ten thousand deaths, but still lived and desperately fought on to victory.

His blood, his brothers' and comrades' blood, has at length quenched the all-consuming thirst of war. He has come home again, though somewhat weakened and becoming gradually old. The world has glided back to before-the-war customs and those for whom he shed his precious blood cannot find time to give this returned soldier and his comrades any praise or credit for the supreme sacrifices they had made!

J. A. S. Callanan.

The Old for the New

For some time now there has existed a superabundance of talk and querulousness concerning the present social and economic status of affairs in our country. Everywhere we hear criticisms infinite in number about capitalism—and other isms, everyone of them an opprobrious denunciation against the now existing management of affairs. To reiterate, although there has been unlimited argument on this subject, no crystal-clear scheme is yet manifest, specific and appropriate enough to all to justify us in obliterating the old order of things for a more modern system. Generalities and platitudes do not get us anywhere.

There is a vast difference between those who employ their mouths and those who actually work their minds and hands on constructive and not destructive doctrines. No doubt our present institutions do not seem perfect, but until there appears a policy whose superiority is evident to a major part of us, let us adhere to the old sensible organizations. If a resourceful plan is finally brought to the front, let us have no qualms, for there are thousands of individuals ready to oppose any pro-

gressive measure. Calamity occurs no less through the inclination to cling to routine than through rashness in adopting too precipitous measures.

Since the social and economic conditions are not satisfactory, why don't the people organize for the purpose of consolidating their opinions and at length arriving at certain basic facts? The law—as in some countries—does not prohibit organization but rather encourages co-operation, provided the motive is compounded with altruism and not selfishness.

America is only conservative in declining to abandon the sound principles now in use and adopt other schemes when the proposers themselves have not taken any conceivable steps toward taken any conceivable steps toward establishing their soundness and adaptability. These socialists should try their particular medicine for themselves before propounding it before others. We are only too glad to make a change for the better, but balk at any suggestions in which we see ahead of us not a clear sky but a vague uncertain fog.

F. B. KING, '21.

Debating

I am writing this article on account of the small attendance at the meetings of the Debating Club thus far this year. I have learned, by my association with the Debating Club, that this may be ascribed to two things: first the members of the school have a notion—where they received it, I cannot tell—that the Debating Club is only for “sharks” and

other such strange specimens of the human race; secondly, the prospective member does not see any goal for which he may strive.

There is nothing that I wish to impress upon the mind of my readers more than the fact that it concerns them vitally to join a club for debating. The intercourse with young men of different

opinions broadens the mind, and makes one fitter for life. One acquires a sympathy of mind that is indispensable in a business or profession. By constant practice, one learns to overcome his former timidity and gradually acquires the ability to stand before a gathering and speak with fluency and conviction. Can a man be successful in any vocation unless he is able to do this? Finally, he makes the English language his slave. All these accomplishments will be of inestimable value later in life.

To supply an immediate stimulus, debates are being arranged with several high schools of Greater Boston,—Everett

High School, Newton High School, Wakefield High School, and others. Teams will be chosen, in the near future, to represent the school in these debates. All members are given an opportunity to show their ability in debating. Besides, don't forget that here are prizes for excellence in debating, which can be won by any young man who distinguishes himself.

Schoolmates, Latin School has achieved a high reputation in all school activities. Unless the Debating Club is given the whole-hearted support of the school, *your* school will lose her high reputation in debating. The School looks to you, fellows! L. W. '21.

On an Autumn Night

By A. C. C. Hill, Jr.

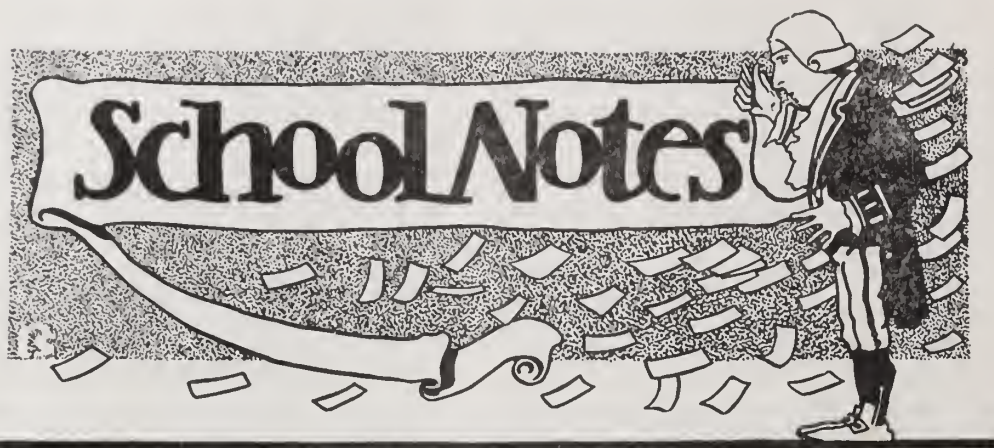
Up from the sea
The gentle moon
Pursues the fleeing sun,
The shadows creep,
The bright stars peep,—
Another day is done.

I sit in thought
Beneath it all
And gaze in the sparkling dome,
Wonderful brightness in the sky.
Thousands of diamonds to my eye
And sweet the gibbous moon.

How sweet it is
To be alive.
To laugh, to lift, to love.
God grant me might
By this great night
To stand for that above.

Keep me, O Father,
From the low.
Be with me in the fray;
Give me the fight
To stand for right
And aid me on my way.

Up from the sea
The gentle moon
Pursues the fleeing sun,
The shadows creep,
The bright stars peep,—
Another day is done.



The REGISTER extends its congratulations to the recently elected officers of the class of 1921, and likewise to the members of the Class Committee. The Class is ably represented by K. B. Hill, President; J. S. Lanigan, Vice-President, and W. E. Wickham, Secretary. The Class Committee has been excellently chosen, namely, Ewing, Room 13; Robinson, Room 3; Bennett, Room 12; Dalton, Room 11.

* * * *

Eldon Guild Stanwood '14, Editor-in-Chief of the REGISTER of the same year, is now connected with the Fidelity Capital Corporation of this city as Manager of the Acceptance Department.

* * * *

Myer Israel '14 is among those having received scholarships for high standing at the Harvard Law School this year.

* * * *

We hope that some honor will be credited to the school in the literary line by having at least one of our authors obtain distinction in the Boston Traveler Short-Story Contest.

Among the recent publications by Little, Brown and Company is found the volume entitled, "A Guide to the Military History of the World War 1914-1918" by Captain Thomas G. Frothingham '83. It is a narrative synopsis of facts intended both for students of the war and the general reader.

* * * *

Houghton Mifflin Company has just published a book by Moorfield Storey '62, under the title of "Problems of To-day," in which he analyzes some of the most important subjects that concern our country.

* * * *

The REGISTER regrets to announce the death of Doctor Harry Edward Sears '89, of Beverly.

Another alumnus of our school has passed from this life. Samuel Fuller Crowell '98, died at Hartford, Conn., where he had been for the past 12 years manager of the Connecticut Library Bureau.

Major George Penney, our present Drill Master, spoke before the upper classes on Monday October 18. Major Penney earnestly urged Class I to take advantage of the opportunity afforded them in learning free of cost at the Bay State School of Musketry, how to shoot. The Major related sad instances from actual experience in the war, where a complement of young men, who knew almost nothing about the discharge of a rifle, were received in his company. So great was the need of men, however, that he was forced to put them in the first line trenches. Many of those fellows were dead the next morning. They died without having the power to defend themselves. Five or ten years ago they also were school-boys, blissfully ignorant of what might yet lie before them. In many cases it would have been a different story if they had but had the chance to defend themselves.

Here is evidence of the value of learning how to shoot:—

On Tuesday, October 12, fresh glory was added to the Latin School crown when at the Wakefield Rifle Range, Storer of Room 11 won not only the individual high-school rifle Championship of Massachusetts but, shooting with the lowly 22 calibre rifle, excelled in marksmanship the best civilian riflemen of New England, winning the U. S. Cartridge Match with the score of 196 out of a possible 200.

We have also the two next best shots among the schoolboys of this state in Crosby of Room 3 and Brooker of Room 13.

* * * *

Rifles were issued to the regiment on the first of November this year—a rather early date it seems, but we have noticed marked improvement in two months under Major Penney's instruction.

On Thursday, October 14, a meeting of the Register room reporters was held in Room 13, Dr. Morse presiding. The duties of the reporters were explained and their support was also pledged. Remember, room reporters, to inform us of anything that occurs in your respective rooms. * * *

At the Monday-morning Assembly October 11, the school was addressed by District Chief Sweeney of the Fire Department. Chief Sweeney enumerated the most important ways that a fire may start and gave a careful explanation of how it may easily be prevented, as only a slight amount of care may offset the outbreak of a disastrous fire.

* * * *

Dr. William Gallagher '65, retired principal of Thayer Academy, visited the school on Monday, October 18.

* * * *

The REGISTER regrets to announce the death of one of our oldest alumni, John Larkin Thorndike '62, on October 24.

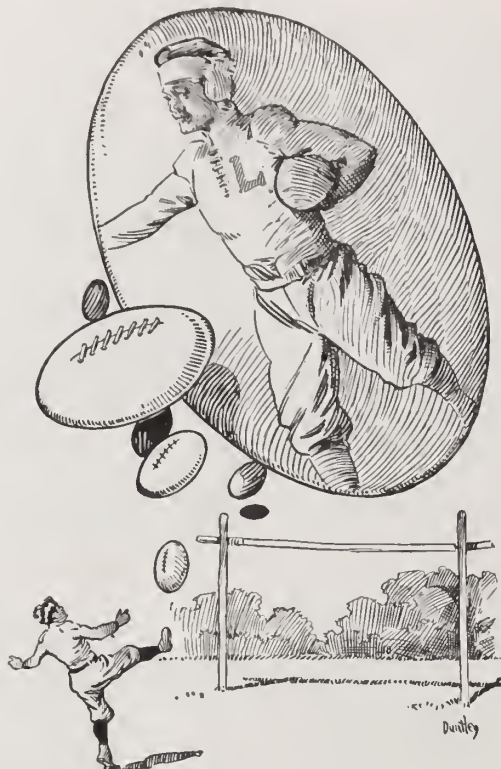
* * * *

Within the past month the REGISTER regrets to announce the death of another of our "boys," Dr. Edwin Lewis Drowne, '97.

* * * *

Owing to the large number of pupils this year we have been deprived of the smaller of our two study halls, Room 22. We call those two remote rooms on the third floor "study-rooms," but between the master's taking of the attendance and urging us to make note of our seat on our program-card, at the same time ousting us from the seats towards which our fancy or imagination attracts us, and several other interruptions, we generally have fifteen minutes to try to coax our unwilling minds to concentrate on something, before the bell sounds the knell of our "study-period." *F. B. King, '21*

F O O T B A L L N E W S



On Tuesday, September 28, our team had its first scrimmage of the year, with Rindge Tech at Russell Field, North Cambridge. This was the first chance Mr. O'Brien had to see the team in actual play. The backfield showed up well with Captain Doherty, Johnston, and Samuels, but the line was woefully weak. Indeed Mr. O'Brien saw his work was cut out for him, to produce a line which might measure up to the standard of past years. However, as the season advances, the line has improved much, and a Latin School team, worthy of its predecessors, is in the making.

GROTON 14, B. L. S. 2

On Saturday, October 2, our team journeyed to Groton, where it met defeat at the hands of Groton School. It was the usual clean hard game put up annually by the two schools. The Latin team showed lack of experience,

especially in the line. The first score came early in the game when Groton recovered one of Latin's fumbles near the goal. Here the Latin line held, but on the fourth down, one of the line was offside, and Groton was given half-way to the goal-line and first down. From here Morris went over for the first touchdown. Morris kicked the goal also. In the second quarter our team showed a flash of offensive power, and worked several forward passes effectively for good gains, Hill completing one which brought us to the Groton 10-yard line. However, all this went to naught, for on the next two plays, we lost forty yards because of poor passing on the part of the centre.

In the third quarter Groton made her final touchdown on a forward pass from Morris to Pynchon. Greenough kicked the goal.

In this period we scored a safety for

our only two points of the game, when the Groton centre made a bad pass to Morris.

For Groton, Lafarge, Smith and Morris played a good game. For Latin School, Johnston and Nordberg excelled.

The Summary:

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL GROTON
Hurley, Glickman, le, re, Smith
Sliney, J. Doherty, Keltie, lt, rt, Ives
Lanigan, lg, rg, Kingsberry
Burke, A. C. C. Hill, Jr., c, c, Ashburn
Bruen, rg, lg, Hollister
A. C. C. Hill, Jr., J. Doherty,

Peirce, rt, lt, Greenough
K. B. Hill, re, le, Lafarge
Samuels, McDermott, qb, qb, J. Pratt
Johnston, lhb, rhb, Harlow
Crosby, Nordberg, rhb, lhb, Pynchon
R. Doherty, (Capt.) fb. J. Morris (Capt.)

Score—Groton, 14; Boston Latin, 0.
Touchdowns—Morris, Pynchon. Goals:
Morris, Greenough. Referee, Farr. Um-
pire, Paradise. Head Linesman, Pea-
body. Time—two eight and two ten-
minute periods.

B. L. S. 13, HYDE PARK 0.

On Wednesday, Oct. 6, Latin School won its first game of the season by defeating the Hyde Park team by the score of 13—0. The team was without the services of Johnston and Hurley, but had the upper hand all the game.

The first score was made in the second period when our team rushed down to the Hyde Park two-yard line, only to lose the ball there on the fourth down. However, the effort of the Hyde Park back to punt was blocked, the ball going offside at the one-yard line. Captain Doherty went over for the first touchdown of the year on the next play. Latin scored again in this same period when Bruen recovered a fumble on Hyde Park's 30-yard line. Nordberg

made the touchdown on a run from the 12-yard line around right end. Hyde Park tightened up in the second half, and although we threatened their goal several times, no more scores were made. The forward passing game was tried by our team but it did not meet with much success. Mr. O'Brien gave many substitutes a chance in the last few minutes of play. For Hyde Park, Fryberg and Roman played good. For the Latin, Doherty, Nordberg and Bruen excelled.

The Summary:

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL HYDE PARK
K. B. Hill, Kane, Glick-
man, le, re, Astabello
Sliney, J. Doherty,
Kelti, lt, rt, Roman
Peirce, Bernstein,
French, lg, rg, Laughlin
A. C. C. Hill, Jr., Burke, c. c. Lugton
Bruen, Crowley, Cross-
field, rg, lg. Fryberg
Lanigan, Wendt, rt, lt, Allen
O'Neal, Collins, Cronin,
Ingoldsby, re, le, Callan
Samuels, McDermott, Krook,
Elton, Dolan, qb. qb, Carroll
Henry, Semonian, lhb. rhb, Burke
Nordberg, Ewing, rhb, lhb, Taylor
Doherty (Capt.) fb, fb, Gould

Score—Boston Latin 13; Hyde Park 0. Touchdowns—Doherty, Nordberg. Goals—Doherty. Referee—Redding. Umpire—Ross. Linesman—Crowley. Time—8-minute periods.

THE COLUMBUS DAY GAME

BOSTON LATIN 18, M. A. H. S. 0.

On Tuesday morning, Oct. 12, Boston Latin defeated Mechanic Arts High School, in a listless game of football.

Our team failed to show the form which was expected of it. Although we had the ball in their territory almost all the game, our team failed to roll up a big

score. The first touchdown was made in the second period by Captain Doherty, after the ball had been rushed down the field by Nordberg and Doherty. Doherty's attempt at a goal missed.

Our next score came in the third quarter, when Captain Doherty again went over for a touchdown, after being largely instrumental in bringing the ball down the field to within striking distance of the goal. At the beginning of this period Captain Lamont, of the opposing team, was injured while running back the kick-off and was forced to leave the game. His absence greatly weakened the Mechanic Arts team. Captain Doherty again went over for a touchdown in the last quarter. The third attempt at a goal was also missed.

For the losers Munick, Lamont and Baer played best, while for Latin, Captain Doherty, Nordberg and Jack Doherty excelled.

The Summary:

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL	M. A. H. S.
Glickman, le,	re, Dupree
J. Doherty, Wendt, lt,	rt, Freedy, Sims
Collins, Keltie, lg,	rg, Cummings
Hill, A. C. C. Jr., c,	c, Munick
Bruen, rg,	lg, Hubinoski
Lanigan, Sughrue, rt,	lt, MacKean,
	Sanderson, Sullivan
O'Neal, re,	le, Mitchen
Samuels, McDermott, qb,	qb, Raphael
Nordberg, lhb,	rhb, Carney
Henrg, rhb,	lhb, Baker
R. Doherty (Capt.) fb,	fb, Lamont
	Gleason

Score—Boston Latin, 18; M. A. H. S. 0.
Touchdowns—R. Doherty, 3. Referee—Crowley. Umpire—Burleigh. Head linesman—White. Time—four ten-minute periods.

BOSTON LATIN, 13,

BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH 15

On Friday October 15, Boston College High and Boston Latin engaged in a hard-fought, keenly-contested game on old Tech Field, Brookline. Entering the game a decided favorite over the Latin School because of their 60-0 victory over Mechanic Arts, Boston College High and the spectators were surprised to see our team out-playing and out-scoring the favorites, and leading 13-6, at the end of the first half. It was not until the last minute of play that a break gave our opponents the ball on our 12-yard line in a fine position for Higgins to drop a field goal and defeat Latin 15-13.

From start to finish it was an exciting game, many a thrill being furnished because of the speedy off-tackle and end-runs of Cassell and Higgins, matched by the end-runs and line plunges of Captain Doherty, Nordberg and McDermott.

Boston College High kicked off to Captain Doherty on our 20-yard line, who rushed it back to the 30-yard line. Here on our second rush, one of our backs fumbling, Sheehan, right end for Boston College High, recovering the ball, ran 25 yards for a touchdown. On receiving the kick-off after the touchdown from our opponents, Latin School showed the famous fighting spirit of the Purple and White, when they took the ball on straight rushes down the field and over for a touchdown. O'Neal kicked the goal.

In the second period, when one of the opposing backs fumbled the ball on being tackled, Glickman picked it up and ran 65 yards for a touchdown. Thus at the end of the first half Latin School was leading 13-6.

In the third quarter, a kicking game was resorted to by both teams, when the

defense was found impregnable.

The fourth quarter found our team weakening rapidly under the continued assaults of Cassell and Higgins. Our goal line was approached when Cassell, completing a forward, ran 18 yards to our 4-yard line before being downed. The Latin School line held them there for three downs. On the third, Cronin, the opposing quarter-back, was injured. On the next play Higgins slid off his left tackle for a touchdown. He missed the goal, however, so our team still led 13-12.

The break in the game came when Cassell, standing on Latin's 30-yard line, heaved a wild forward pass. One of our backs struck the ball straight into the arms of Murphy, the Boston College High full-back, and the latter was downed on our 12-yard stripe. Here, Higgins, who a few minutes before had missed kicking the goal after his touchdown, dropped back to the 23-yard line and lifted the pigskin high and clear over the crossbar. The game ended with the ball in the middle of the field.

Thus Latin School went down to defeat in a game in which our eleven did honor to themselves and Mr. O'Brien. Everybody on the team played hard, clean football, and in stopping and breaking up the dazzling Boston College High criss-crosses with their well-trained interference, showed that our team will be well up in the city series which is to be played next month.

The Summary:

LATIN SCHOOL BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH
O'Neal, Ewing, le, re, Sheehan
J. Doherty, lt, rt, Barrett
Bernstein, Sughrue, Keltie,

Dolan, Rice, lg, rg, Woodley,
O'Donnell

A. C. C. Hill, Jr., Burke, cDoyle (Capt.)
Bruen, rg, lg, Logue, Campbell
Lanigan, rt, lt, McManus, Walsh

K. B. Hill, Samuels, Ollendorf,
Glickman, Kane, McManus,
J. Collins, re, le, Daley.
McDermott, Bolger, qb Cronin, Malley,
Samuels Flahive
Crosby, Samuels, lhb, rhb, Higgins
Nordberg, Henry, rhb, lhb, Cassell
R. Doherty, (Capt.) fb, fb, Vuhs,
Murphy

Score—Boston College High, 15;
Boston Latin, 13. Touchdowns—Sheehan, Nordberg, Glickman, Higgins. Goal from touchdown—O'Neal. Goal from field—Higgins. Referee—A. J. Woodlock. Umpire—Geo. Carens. Head linesman—Joe Ry. Time—four 10-minute periods.

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL 26

WEYMOUTH HIGH 7

On Saturday, October 22, our team journeyed to Weymouth, where they played the Weymouth High School team on the Davis Bates Clapp Memorial Field. Our team was much too powerful for their eleven. At the very start of the game, on receiving the kick-off from Latin, one of the opposing backs fumbled, and the ball was recovered by Captain Doherty on their 20-yard line. From this place R. Doherty went over for the first touchdown. At the end of the period we again had the ball down on their 2-yard line, and at the beginning of the second period Nordberg went over for the touchdown.
for the touchdown.

At this time much amusement was afforded the spectators, when Coach O'Brien sent the whole second team out to replace the first. The second team did not hold them very well, so that Weymouth succeeded in producing quite a powerful offensive, which did not materialize in a touchdown, however.

At the beginning of the third quarter, the first team went in again, and on their

(Continued on page 23)



To you who believe in signs: It stands near Dartmouth Street and reads: "Automobiles look out for children when running by schoolhouse." It must refer to the freshmen.

* * * *

IN A SAD CONDITION

Young lady to prisoner—Don't any of your friends come to see you on visiting days?

Prisoner—No'm, they're all here wit' me.

* * * *

Hodge (during an altercation)—Say, who's doing the talking, you or I?

Podge—Well, you may be talking but I'm saying something.

* * * *

Some boys who are unable to concentrate on one thing at a time but must do a little of everything remind us of the chamelion who turned green with ease when lying on a leaf and became brown when he fell upon a board, but who burst when he crawled upon a checkered ribbon.

Woman, who has voted for first time: "Well, I marked every blank space there was, just to show them that I had no partiality."

* * * *

Sniggs—It's a great thing to be born in America.

Jiggs—How so?

Sniggs—It saves the price of a ticket over.

* * * *

The boy stood up to give his Dec, His memory had fled;

He stammered like a nervous wreck.

"You've flunked," the teacher said.

* * * *

Stout man— You have everything here for the piano, haven't you?

Clerk— Yes, sir.

Stout man— Well, give me an axe.

* * * *

First Farmer—Did you ever use Pyrox as a spray for potatoes?

Second Farmer—I've heard of puddingstone, but I've never heard of pie-rocks.

Bone: "So Plugger didn't get by on his Greek exam?"

Grind: "In Homer? No."

Bone: "That's funny! They say he used to hide in some lonely garret, and there plug on it from morn 'til night, too."

Grind: "Yes, poor fellow, he should not have studied in a garret! Homer's not Attic Greek."

* * * *

Huc eum ferebant.

They gave him the hook.

(Sports continued from page 21)

scoring two more touchdowns without much trouble, Mr. O'Brien sent the second team in again, at the beginning of the last period. Weymouth succeeded in pushing them over for a touchdown, so that the final score was 26-7. Captain Dwyer excelled for Weymouth, while for Latin, Captain Doherty and Nordberg played well.

The Summary:

BOSTON LATIN	WEYMOUTH HIGH
O'Neal, J. Collins, le,	re Gunville
J. Doherty, Keltie, lt,	rt, Bicknell
Dolan, Collins, lg,	rg, Moulton
Bernstein, Burke, c	c, Lynona

"Who is this Angular Isosceles they are forever alluding to in Room 6?" asks a freshman.

* * * *

Spectator (at drill exercises): "The companies seem to show a good deal of spice in that there squad movement."

The other fellow: "Ah, but you should see them when they are mustered." (Mustard).

—P. H. H. '21

Bruen, Hill, rg,	lg, Bailey
Lanigan, French, rt,	lt, Gladwin
Glickman, Kane, re,	le, Anderson
Samuels, McDermott qb	Vallienti
Crosby, Ewing, lhb,	rhb, Proctor
Nordberg, Todd, rhb,	lhb, Rand
R. Doherty (Capt.),	

Henry, fb fb, Dwyer, (Capt.)

Score—Boston Latin, 26; Weymouth High, 7. Touchdowns—Nordberg, 2; Samuels, O'Neal, Dwyer. Goals from touchdowns—O'Neal, 2; Gladwin. Umpire—Talbot. Referee—Slattery. Linesman—Morrow. Time—four 10-minute periods.

L. S. Lanigan '21



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motor boat carefully hidden, they cautiously worked their way through the underbrush along the shore of the lake to the channel beyond the leafy screen. Beside this was a well-marked trail which they followed to the clearing.

The cabin appeared as dark and vacant as before. Nevertheless, the men crept up as silently as possible and looked in the window. They saw no one inside and, opening the door, they entered. About half of the cases were gone. This fact showed that the place had been visited since the boys had been there. One man was appointed to watch at the window while the rest hid behind cases. The long night wore away, the men taking turns at the watch.

About seven o'clock, voices were heard and three men entered the clearing. The officer on watch crouched down behind the cases with the rest. The door was opened and the three strangers walked in, shutting it behind them. Then, with revolvers pointed at the three, the officers and two boys arose, the leader shouting,

"Throw up your hands or we shoot!"

The three were taken aback but they put up their hands. The officers quickly handcuffed and gagged them and put them behind cases, the boys acting as guards. The sentinel officer resumed his place at the window and they waited for those in the motor boat. These, two in number, soon appeared, one of whom called out,

"Hey Bill! you there? Why wa'n't you at the gate?" Receiving no answer he swore and, turning to his companion, said, "Well, I guess we'll have to unload the hooch ourselves."

He tied the boat and, taking a case, walked up to the cabin followed by the other fellow. They entered. Immediately four revolvers were pointed at

(Continued on page 27)

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Teacher: "What would be the disadvantage of not having eye-lids?"

"Boob": "Couldn't wink."

* * * *

Ike: "Which is the most war-like nation?"

Mike: "Vacci-nation because it's nearly always in arms."

* * * *

Mr. H: Name two of Shakespeare's comedies.

Bailene: "Nothing much doing", and "Just as You Say."

* * * *

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, but unfortunately I always tell it to somebody who can't."

* * * *

If "Johnny Grogan" would scratch his head with the grain, he wouldn't get splinters in his fingers.

* * * *

In Physics: "Define what is meant by density."

"Bump": "I can't define it, but I can give an example."

Teacher: "Sit down! The example is good."

* * * *



Master, to boy prowling about the corridors after school: "Well, X—, why don't you go home?"

"I've lost my cap, sir."

"Lost your cap? That's too bad. But come with me; perhaps I can find you a little foolscap."

* * * *

Te jam, Catilina, comprehendi jussero?

Shall I order some jam to be brought to you, Catiline?

Tenses, Past and Present.

"By Jove, I'm getting tired of it! Nothing but grind, grind, grind!"

"But you want to become a man?"

"To be sure, but what of that?"

"Man is dust!"

"Yes, yes!"

"Dust is ground!"

"Go on!"

"To become ground,—grind, grind, grind!"

* * * *

Pater: "Well my boy, how much did you get in Latin this month?"

B. L. S. Discipulus: "Only 48. I'd have got more, but the marks have gone up this year".

* * * *

In Physics: "At what time was the Metric System discovered?"

Bimbo: "Night time!"

* * * *

A lunch room desperado held up the line the other day. Buy your checks in advance, fellows!

* * * *

Bonehead: "What's good to clean ivory?"

Hammerhead: "Try a shampoo."

* * * *

Math Shark (mistaking a grapefruit for an orange): Gee, it wouldn't take many of these to make a dozen.

* * * *

GOOD SUGGESTION

Elle lui offrit un cuiller.

She offered to spoon with him.

* * * *

Pupil: Mother, this is the Latin School I have been attending the past two years.

Mother: Is that so, John? What a beautiful building it is! What is that inscription over the door?

Pupil: Oh! that's Latin; I don't know what it means.

Taken from the Market Report.

- Pens and Paper are stationary.
- Cutlery is very dull.
- Cheese, firm and strong.
- Butter—strong, but inclined to be slippery.
- Whiskey, lively and unsteady.
- Hops, lively and active.
- Gunpowder, inclined to rise.

* * * *

"I've been smoking an awful lot of cigars lately."

"If they've been anything like the last one you gave me, I don't doubt you at all."

* * * *

"Did you have any trouble with your lessons last night?"

"No, they didn't trouble me in the least."

* * * *

TRACK SEASON

"I wonder why that poem keeps running thro' my nut all the time."

"Exercising its feet, I suppose."

* * * *

"Explain capital and labor."

"The money you lend is capital, getting it back represents labor."

* * * *

He: "I spent ten dollars on my girl last night."

Another He: "When do you expect to pay her back?"

* * * *

Pupil: "Couldn't you've given me a better mark than zero?"

Pitiless Pedagogue: "I could double it."

* * * *

WHAT A SURPRISE

X—My father weighed only four pounds when he was born.

Y—Good heavens, did he live?

* * * *

Are you going to volunteer for Dec?

No, I'll wait to be drafted.

MOTTOS OF THE LATIN SCHOOL

Ad sum

Apophasistos.

Thou shalt not pass

All who enter here, abandon hope.

* * * *

In the next issue, the REGISTER will announce the returns of the Presidential election.

* * * *

A Bachelor's exclamation: A lass!

A Maiden's exclamation: Ah men!

* * * *

Mr. F: Didn't I tell you to have that history lesson learned for today?

Flynn: Yes, sir.

Mr. F: Then how is it you can't repeat a single word of it?

Flynn: Well, I took it for granted that history repeated itself.

* * * *

I don't like Caesar.

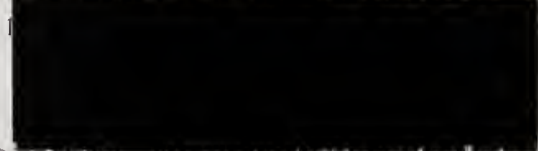
Why?

Too much Gaul.

* * * *

Beggar: Please give me a dime for my three starving children.

Pearce: Thanks, but I live in a boarding-house and I would not have any



Farmer: Yes, but he keeps running 'at' of the pen.

* * * *

Pupil (after paying strict attention in Ancient History Class): "Ilium is the ancient name for Troy."

Pupil: "Troy, New York."

* * * *

Judge (to lady witness): "Married?"

Witness: "Yes, twice."

Judge: "Age?"

Witness: "Twenty-five,"

Judge: "Also twice?"

them. The man, who seemed to be leader, dropped the case he was carrying and made a dash for freedom but two revolvers barked and he fell. His companion stood trembling. He was searched for weapons and then handcuffed. The two officers who had shot the first man carried him in. Although he had not been killed, he was beyond resistance.

The prisoners were led to the captured motor boat, which was filled with cases of liquor. The cases in the cabin were emptied and the contents destroyed. The motor boat was then poled out to clear water where the engine was started. In a few moments the revenue boat had been picked up and the boys, two officers and the prisoners transferred to it for the homeward journey. About nine that evening the party arrived at the point where they had left their auto, and, putting the prisoners in the car, two officers drove to Vanceboro, leaving the rest for a second trip. They boys at last reached the boarding place with one of the men and, exhausted from so much excitement, slept until the next noon.

The first thing which they did, when they finally arose, was to hunt up the officer. He was busy, but he stopped his work at their question,

"What did you find about the man?"

"Everything that we expected to," he replied and then said, as he held out an envelope.

"Here is your reward and on the part of the United States Government I thank you for your services!"

* * * *

"That teacher over there makes little things count, I tell you."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, he teaches arithmetic to the sixth class."

Mihi credite.

Take it from me, kid.

* * * *

Visitor: "And how did Lucifer come to fall?"

Freshie: "He slipped on a thunder peel."

* * * *

In the lunch room: "So this is what you call angel cake, is it?—Humph, you can't make me swallow that."

* * * *

Foggy? Why I should say so! Even the blind beggar on the corner had to take off his black glasses when he crossed the street!

* * * *

"One three, and five tens please!"—and again the lunch room line was checked!

* * * *

X—Reading aloud: "And her luxurious wealth of hair"—

Whisper from rear of room: "Aw, rats!"

* * * *

New boy, mumbling indistinctly on account of food in his mouth: "Say, let us have a jelly sandwich."

Waiter: "You want lettuce, ham and jelly sandwich?—Two more checks please."



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"Tom, I wonder why they don't have
any doughnuts this year?"

"Don't pay. Last year the moths
used to get at them and eat the holes."

* * * *

Lieutenant: "Right about face!"

Private: "I'm glad I'm right about
something."

* * * *

Guard: "Halt! Who's there?"

Lieutenant: "Nobody."

Guard: "Advance nobody to be recog-
nized!"

* * * *

Little we think,

Little we do,

It puzzles me,

How we get thru.

* * * *

Ralph: What kind of trees do eggs
grow on?

Edwin: Egg plants, dub!

Ralph: No, poultry, simp!

* * * *

Teacher: Who was Newton?

Pupil: He was a lawyer.

Teacher: How do you get that?

Pupil: He invented the law of uni-
versal gravitation.

* * * *

Sober Senior: Do you know what is
the most popular phrase in Latin School?

Sophisticated Soph: I don't know.

Sober Senior: That's it.

* * * *

Paul: Say, hasn't that girl a beautiful
profile?

Pearce: I don't know; I was looking
at her face.

* * * *

Teacher: Will a siphon work in a
vacuum?

"Stewed": The use of a siphon in a
vacuum depends on the pressure of the
atmosphere.



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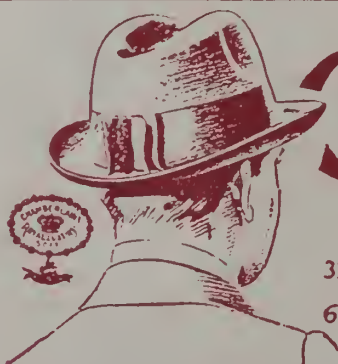
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